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Mr. Rarey did not break our pet pony; nevertheless, he is as docile as a lamb. Indeed, we think with Mr. Rarey, that animals are to be taught, not "broken;" and for this purpose brains are better than blows. Pony follows his little master all about, and would like to go to school with him. That the scholars would like better than the mistress, I fancy. He knows his name, and always comes at its call. "Charlie" is his name.

"Charlie, Charlie," Frank says, "come eat a handful of supper I cut for you." Frank is very fond of feeding him from the piazza. Pony one day stepped up on the piazza, and poked his nose into the door, with a look in his eye as much as to say, "I'll walk in, if you please." Bridget did n't please, and Charlie had to back off.

You have all heard of Mr. Rarey, I suppose, the famous horse tamer—no, horse teacher, and his wonderful success in subduing unmanageable horses. He does it, he says, by appealing to the intelligence of the animal, and making the right impression upon its mind. It is just as easy for a

horse, as well as a boy, to do right as to do wrong. And Mr. Rarey says a horse will do right, if he is thoroughly taught and a good example is set him. Ah, I am afraid that can't be said of all children. He said he never knew a horse that refused to reciprocate his kindness. Most of the vicious habits which the animal contracts he learns from man, and they are different in different countries, according to the mode of breaking them.

The Arabian horses are celebrated for their gentleness and docility; and the reason is, that the Arabs understand how to treat them. The horse and his master live on more intimate terms in Arabia than they conveniently could here; for they are, in fact, members of the same family circle, educated in the same school, fed at the same table, and often sleep in the same room. They know each other, love each other, and are ready to fight and die for each other. He needs no bridle or check-rein. Sometimes with only a halter, and sometimes with none at all, the Arab rides his horse over plain and mountain at a furious rate,

directing, restraining, turning him solely by the motion of his hand. Mr. Rarey went to Syria to see the famous Arabian horses, which he thought not as large or handsome as our horses, but more intelligent and docile, because they live with kind masters, and are never left to cross and brutal ostlers.

THE POWER OF ONE GOOD BOY.

"When I took the school," said a gentleman, speaking of a certain school he once taught, "I soon saw there was one good boy in it. I saw it in his face. I saw it by many unmistakable marks. If I stepped out and came suddenly back, that boy was always studying, just as if I had been there, while a general buzz and the roguish looks of the rest showed there was mischief in the wind. I learned he was a religious boy and a member of the church. Come what would, he would be for the right.

"There were two other boys who wanted to behave well, but were sometimes led astray. These two began to look up to Alfred, and, I saw, were much strengthened by his example. Alfred was as lovely in disposition as firm in principle. These three boys began now to create a sort of public opinion on the side of good order and the master. One boy and then another gradually sided with them. The foolish pranks of idle and wicked boys began to lose their popularity. They did not win the laugh which they used to. A general obedience and attention to study prevailed. At last, the public opinion of the school was fairly revolutionized; from being a school of ill-name, it became one of the best-behaved schools anywhere about, and it was that boy Alfred who had the largest share in making the change. Only four or five boys held out, and these were finally expelled. Yes," said the teacher, "it is in the power of one right-minded, right-hearted boy to do that. He stuck to his principles like a man, and they stuck to him, and made a strong and splendid fellow of him."

"TAKE CARE OF THE CENTS, AND THE DOLLARS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."—Children do not always think of this. They who would shrink from spending a dollar for something useful, will almost imperceptibly fritter it away in cents for candy. Keep an account how readily you spend enough to pay for The Child's Paper for yourself and for some of the destitute children in your neighborhood. As I was getting subscribers yesterday, one man said, "My son always takes The Child's Paper and pays for it out of his loose change." A lady said the same of her child, and added, "I always read it myself from first to last." The Child's Paper is welcomed at our house. We have been readers of it for years, and have taken some pains widely to circulate it in Canada. J. G. D.
Bedford Co., Canada East.

ONE of the pleasantest companions a child can have is Contentment. Is she your friend?

For The Child's Paper.

THE BANNER CLASS, OR "WE ARE ALL PICKED BOYS."

Some months since, four bright boys were put under my care for the hour of Sabbath-school. During the hour, as the returns were rendered for contributions to the missionary fund for the past year, it was found that the sum given by that class was more than had been collected from any other, and indeed so large that I expressed my astonishment.

"But," said one in reply, "we are all picked boys."

The expression pleased me in another sense, however, than the one they intended, and I caught at it as suggestive of a thought which I trusted they would not soon forget.

"Yes, you are all *picked boys*. As you came along to church, you passed many of your own age idly lounging, profaning the Sabbath. Why are you not like them? I see you anticipate the answer. Because you are all picked boys.

"Whose goodness picked you out, chose you, that you should be here learning of the glorious God, of a blessed heaven, and the way to win it; and not only that, but gives you the honor of helping others to obtain this knowledge, while many were left in ignorance and sin?"

"You are picked boys—picked out for some special purpose. Ask yourselves every day if you are answering that purpose."

They listened with deep interest, for they were pleased with being "The Banner Class" in missions. "And now," I added, "as you claim to be picked boys, when you grow up to manhood, should God spare your lives, what should you all be then?"

They were not slow to say, "We should all be picked *men*."

"That is it. All your lives long, if any act of high moral courage is to be performed, any work of self-denying heroism to be undertaken for the glory of God or the good of your fellows, I hope you will always be picked *men*. At home, at school, on the playground, in business in after-life, you who have had so many advantages, and enjoyed so many privileges, should show the result in every thing that is industrious, truthful, noble, conscientious, and high-principled.

"Picked boys! Chosen for some nobler purpose than merely to enjoy yourselves, or gather together the greatest amount of dollars; chosen to do great good all your life; chosen to stand like a rock against persuasion to do wrong or compliance with sin. Chosen! To whose mercy does that word make a demand for deathless gratitude? If God has chosen *you*, will you not now choose *him*?"

As they listened and seemed interested in the thought, I explained to them in simple words the great conflict on this earth between the enemies of God and the true followers of the Lamb, and the final and universal triumph of his people, for he is 'King of kings, and Lord of Lords.' "And now, if you would like to know what kind of people are the soldiers in this great battle, whose victory will end in blessing the whole world, turn to Revelation, seventeenth chapter and fourteenth verse."

They opened their Bibles and read, "And they that are with Him, are called and chosen and faithful."

Chosen and faithful! And the words lingered in the teacher's own ear as a solemn personal monition of heavenly choice and expected fidelity to important trusts.

Chosen in the Eternal mind
Ere yon glorious sun had shined; Eph. 1:4.
Chosen, boundless grace to show,
When his fires shall cease to glow. Isa. 51:6.

Chosen from a ruined race,
Lost to holiness and peace; Rom. 6:11.
Chosen to be throned with Him
Higher than the cherubim. 2 Tim. 2:12.

Called to bear the cross and shame
Which may follow Jesus' name; Heb. 12:2.
Called to glory and renown;
Called to receive a conqueror's crown. Rev. 2:10.

Called perchance to feel the thorn
Which the Crucified hath borne; Gal. 2:20.
Called the judgment-seat to share
Before which angels shall appear. 1 Cor. 6:3.

Faithful then do thou endure,
Though a thousand tempters lure; Jas. 1:12.
Faithful in the darkest hour,
When the heaviest tempests lower. Heb. 3:17.

Must thou tread Gethsemane?
Richest oil 't will press for thee.* 1 Pet. 1:7.
If a Calvary thou hast found,
Olivet is just beyond. Rom. 8:17.

Though thy patience may be tried
By desertion at thy side; 1 Kings 19:10.
When the trusted shall betray,
"Will ye also go away?" John 6:67.

Faithful to thy Leader be;
He will lead to victory: 1 Cor. 15:57.
Then eternity will show
That thy God is "faithful" too. 1 Thess. 5:24.

* Gethsemane meaning oil-press.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT SORT OF EYES?

Harry often wished he could see Jesus. Often he looked up and down the street, in the hope that he might be coming along. He would like to have been one of those children who got into his arms and received his blessing. He would like to have been in the ruler's house when Jesus raised his little girl from death.

Harry was a little boy who thought a great deal about his Saviour. When he was naughty, he was sorry because he knew his conduct would not only grieve his mother and his father, but his Saviour in heaven; and he tried not to be naughty; he tried very hard. He prayed for the Holy Spirit to make him *willing*, to make him desire above all things to be God's child; and he thought if he could only see the Lord Jesus, it would be much easier to be a good boy always.

One day the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, talking to the scholars, said they could see Jesus with the "eye of faith." Harry, who was listening, was very much taken by that—"could see Jesus with the eye of faith. Oh, what sort of eyes are they?" the little boy thought. He forgot every thing else the superintendent said. Perhaps he told what they were; but Harry was thinking out the matter himself, and not arriving at any thing clear, he pushed up to his teacher and asked, "Are they big eyes, or black ones? Are they *spectacle eyes*?"

His teacher could not answer then, because she was hearing the lesson; but after it was through, she called Harry to her side, and asked him "who he was named for." "My uncle Henry that lives in St. Louis," answered the little boy with some surprise in his face. "How do you know you have an uncle there?" she asked further. "Oh, I know it," said Harry; "I know it because he sends me things." "How do you know that he sends them?" asked Miss Jay. "Oh, I know, because he *writes me*," answered the little boy, "and his letters all say, 'From your affectionate uncle Henry.'"

His teacher looked as if, after all, the proof was somewhat doubtful. He saw the look. "Oh, I know," persisted the little boy, "because folks have seen him there, and they told me; and if I grow up a good boy, he's promised to take me and do for me. Oh, I'm just as *sure*—as sure as if I'd seen him;" and Harry did look as sure as could be.

"You never saw him with your two bright blue eyes," said Miss Jay. Harry shook his head. "But you *believe* in him just as fully as if you had." Harry nodded. "Well, that is seeing him with the 'eye of faith,'" said his teacher. Harry's face flushed with a strange new thought. "That is the way we see Jesus Christ," she said. "Jesus sends us things. He gives us the sun to warm and light us, corn to eat, and cotton to wear. He has written to us; the Bible is his word. Other folks have seen him. Peter saw him, and John and Matthew, and they tell us what he did and said.

And he promises to take us to himself in heaven, if we trust in him and do his will."

Harry listened with his *heart* as well as his mind. They were both wide open to receive instruction; and his teacher spoke slowly, that he might take it all in.

"Eyes of faith is seeing things with your *heart*," said Harry at last—"making you feel and believe just as if you're *sure*."

"Yes," answered his teacher, "that's it; believing, it sees God, and takes God at his word."

The little boy carried home with him a new and precious thought from the Sabbath-school that day. It was a seed-thought, which he kept in his bosom; and he kept it so warm, and prayed so often over it the little prayer, "Open, O Lord, my eyes of faith to see and know thee, and love good and hate wickedness," that, like the Son of God when he was a little boy in Nazareth, he "waxed strong in spirit, and the grace of God was upon him."

WHEN Garibaldi, the famous Italian liberator, placed his son at a Protestant school near Liverpool, he said, on taking leave of him, "The Bible is the cannon that will liberate Italy." Powder and shot sometimes seem necessary to clear the way, but the Bible furnishes the right ammunition to secure true freedom. "And I recommend all Italians," he says, "to read the Bible, for it is the book that will make Italy free."



For The Child's Paper.

THE BEST SCHOLAR.

"Who is the best scholar, or have you any best at your school?" I asked a group of school-girls. "Lucy Towne," quickly replied three or four at once. "What makes her best?" I asked. "Oh, 'cause," bashfully answered one whom I looked at. As that proved nothing, I asked the others. "She recites best," answered one. "She's always ready, and never keeps the class waiting," said another. "She never gets excused," said a third. "She's never late," said a fourth. "She keeps all the rules," said a fifth. "She helps me," said the littlest. "She's real nice at play, and never gets angry," said a seventh.

"And something else," said one who had spoken before. "Ah, what is that?" I asked. "Mother says Lucy loves and obeys God," answered the child. The secret then of her being the best scholar is because she is *God's scholar*, and is taught by the Holy Spirit those precious lessons of penitence, humility, and love which cannot but make her a good scholar in any school.

"How old is Lucy?" I asked, becoming much interested in what I heard of her. "My age," said the chief spokesman—"twelve this month."

"I suppose Lucy studied *all* the time. I am sure I can't do *that*," some little girl says. But I

found afterwards that Lucy had time for many things besides her books; for when she *studied*, she *studied*; and when she played, she played.

Her favorite place of study, in pleasant summer days, was the bank under an old oak in her father's garden. Here she used to go alone with her books, and before opening them she prayed to the Lord Jesus to help her fix her mind on the lesson, and not waste her time over her books. So, if a lady-bug lighted on the page, she did not stop to talk to the lady-bug; or if a bird sung overhead, she did not attend his concert; or if a bee buzzed round a wild violet, she let it go about its business, and she minded hers. Thus, you see, things which usually tempt heedless children to idleness and inattention, had no effect upon Lucy Towne, because she was armed against them beforehand, by having a distinct purpose in her mind, and by prayer for grace to carry it out.

And I well know, if all the children in school would become God's scholars first, be taught of him, mind his rules, and love his word and learn his lessons, all the grumbling and fretting and crying which now cloud school life would pass off, and school become one of the happiest and busiest spots on earth.

For The Child's Paper.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Nellie was on a visit to her aunt in the country. She was a poor child; but her aunt had money. Nellie often wished she was rich like her aunt, and thought how many nice things she could buy. She had often seen the box where her aunt kept her money, and wished she could look inside of it; but her aunt would never allow *anybody* that privilege.

One day her aunt went out to ride, and left Nellie alone. All at once she thought of the box, and recollected having seen her aunt go to it, and hang up the key in a dark corner of the room. "Now," thought Nellie, "I can see it inside." She did not stop to think whether it would be right, till she had climbed up in a chair and had her hand on the key. Then something said, "Nellie!" She instantly dropped her hold of the key, but said to herself, "There can be no harm in just looking in, if I don't touch any thing." So she took the key and tried it. The box opened. Then she shut all the doors. What was that for? At last she went again to the box.

Presently she looked in. She wasn't going to "touch any thing." She did, however. She took up the papers one after another, then a roll of bills, then another, till she came to a bag of eagles and half-eagles, with smaller coin as big as five-cent pieces, all in gold. Now she had "gone so far, there's no harm in looking farther," thought Nellie. So she took up a larger bag, and began to untie it, and soon she held in her hand a bright silver dollar. How beautiful it looked. Nellie had not seen so much money in all her life, and she wondered her aunt could not give her some of it. She began to murmur against God because he had made her poor when her aunt was rich.

Nellie was tempted, not to keep the silver dollar, but to "hold it a while to play with," that was all. But she had not had it long before another temptation came, which was to keep it till her aunt came, and then put it back. So she slipped it into her pocket, and carefully put back the bags and papers, putting the box and key where she found them. Nellie did not intend to keep the dollar; she thought she could easily "put it in the box after she saw the carriage coming;" so she ran to the window to watch for it. She was too late; her aunt had come.

"Oh," thought Nellie, "what shall I do?" Something said, "Keep it." Then she ran to hide it. How her cheeks flushed as conscience cried, "You have stolen." "You are a thief!" I can't tell how bad Nellie felt, but the big tears ran down her cheeks. "Oh," said she, "I'm so wicked." "I am a thief!" and she wept bitterly. "Confess it," something said; but she "would not have her aunt know it for all the world;" and she was "afraid to

look up to God." Oh, it was a sad hour for Nellie. A big weight was on her heart. It was too much for her to bear, and she cried aloud.

Her aunt heard her, and ran to see "what was the matter." But Nellie could not tell. "She would not ever forgive me," and "nobody will love me any more," thought Nellie, still sobbing as if her very heart would break. "Tell me, Nellie," said her aunt, wiping away the tears. "I—am so wick—wicked, and you wont love—love me; nobody will; and God wont," stammered out Nellie. She could not say any more. Her aunt tried to pacify her; but in vain. At last she said, "I will tell if it does kill me." So she confessed the whole, and her aunt forgave her. Nellie wished God to forgive her; so she ran away, and kneeling down by her little bed, told God all she had done. How relieved she felt!

Nellie is a woman now; but she never forgot, and never will. How we often run half way to meet the sins we hate. If anybody had told her beforehand she could ever be a *thief*, Nellie would have been very angry. The Holy Spirit can only make us *strong* in the right, and God gives his Spirit to every soul that humbly prays for it.

M. C. B.



For The Child's Paper.

FIGHTING OR FORBEARING.

There was a couple of boys playing at marbles, and several, as is usual, were looking on to see how the game went; and it went very peaceably for a time. At last, "You cheat!" burst from one. "You lie!" cried the other. "Tell me I lie?" cried the first with an angry scowl. "Call me a cheat?" rejoined the second. "Call me a cheat *again*, and you take *that*," doubling up his fist in the other boy's face. "Get out," cried the first, jumping up in a passion, "or I'll pitch into you." And pitch into each other they did, like a couple of bulldogs. It was a regular fight, until one got the nosebleed, and the other was kicked over into the dirt.

Did the fight settle any thing? No. Did it clear up the character of either? No. It soiled and tore their clothes, and what was much worse, it smutched their hearts with great black and blue spots of resentment, hatred, anger, and a mixture of ugly feeling towards each other for a long while after.

And that is about all that is ever gained by fighting. It settles nothing that could not be better settled by kind words. It clears up nobody's character. It does not satisfy justice or decide the merits of a case. One may indeed *beat*; but the wrong side is as likely to beat as the right side, if it has fist enough.

The storm the other afternoon drove the children to the piazza, where a simple game took the place of more active sports. The moves went briskly on, when Harry cried angrily, "You are cheating; you moved twice to my once." "No," said Will Jones, "that's fair; 'twas my move." "Tisn't," persisted Harry, his cheeks flushing. Will Jones asked the little girls who were standing by, but they had not minded. "Well," he said gently, "I *thought* I was fair. I meant to be, Harry, and I will take the move back, if you say so." "No, no," cried Harry, quite pacified and a little ashamed of his haste; "no, no, make the move; you are right, I dare say." And so this little breeze, which might have blown into a tempest, quickly spent itself, and the game went pleasantly on. It is as true now as in wise old Solomon's time, that a "soft answer turneth away wrath."

For The Child's Paper.

CHRIST IN THE BOAT.

Every Child's Paper has several fine engravings. What do you suppose they are put there for? Is it only to give you pleasure by looking at them? Not this only. They explain some things more distinctly than could be done by words, and sometimes impress the lessons they teach so clearly that you never forget them. Look carefully at a good picture, examine every part, and you will find a great deal more in it than you noticed at first; and the more you study it, the more you will enjoy it.

You have little idea perhaps how much taste and ingenuity was necessary in the first place to design or draw these pictures, and how many tedious days, and sometimes weeks, it required to engrave them upon the hard wood; and then, at last, how very skilfully each copy must be printed in order to give them the true expression.

Fifty years ago, pictures expressly for children were almost unheard of, and the few that were made were very coarse when contrasted with these exquisite ones which greet you every month.

Some time ago, a little class in Sabbath-school, having finished their lesson, were looking earnestly at a print in The Child's Paper they had just received. It was that touching scene representing the disciples with Christ on the sea of Tiberias. The wind had risen since they left the shore, and was swaying the sail almost into the water. A very high wave was dashing against the prow of the frail boat, and threatening the next moment to sweep over all. One of the boys said earnestly, "What a dreadful storm. You can almost hear the thunder. How glad I am that I was not there."

Little Ally looked up from the paper, and said, "I should like to have been in that boat."

"You would like to have been in such an awful tempest?" asked the first speaker in surprise. "Why?"

Ally replied simply, "*Because Jesus was there.*"

It was a sweet reply. I have never forgotten it. I hope you will never forget it. To love to be near the Saviour, even in a storm! To love to be near him, because his presence can make us forget the tempest, and trust in him that when he thinks best he will hush the angry winds and waves. One of our charming hymns says,

"With Christ in the vessel, I'll smile at the storm."

Those who love the company of Christ he will take, sooner or later, to be with him for ever. Ally did not have to wait long. A few days of violent suffering from fever, and last week he went to be with Jesus. That the blessed Saviour was with him in the heaviest storm that ever broke over this dear boy, we may learn from his dying words, "*I love Jesus.*"

My dear child, would you like to have been in the boat with Jesus? Are you in the ark with him *now*? Do you love to think that he is near you? If you do, no storm, nor tempest, nor thunder, nor lightning can ever really harm you. The harder it blows, the sooner it will bring to the shore.

"There anchored safe, your weary soul

Will find eternal rest,

Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll

Upon your peaceful breast."

A. Y. D.



For The Child's Paper.

SINGING AWAY, LITTLE BIRDIE.

During a snow-storm in April, as I was looking from my window, I heard a robin singing very cheerily high up in a maple-tree near the house, in spite of the snow and cold weather. It suggested these verses, and I hope the children will learn the robin's lesson.

Singing away, little birdie,
Singing high up in the tree,
Though the snow-flakes are falling around thee,
And the north wind blows drearily.
Singing away, little birdie,
Though the branches are leafless and brown,
Rocking high up in the tree-top,
Thy sweet notes come cheerily down.

Singing away, little birdie,
There is hope and there's joy in thy song;
It says the cold weather is over,
And the summer is coming ere long.
Singing away, little birdie!
The bright days are coming to thee,
When with mate and with feathery fledgelings,
Thou'lt find a soft nest in this tree.

Singing away, little birdie!
Our Father, Oh teach me to praise,
When clouds and thick darkness are round me,
And sorrow o'er shadows my days.
Thy lesson I'm learning, sweet birdie,
As thou singest high up in the tree,
Of faith and of love for our Father,
Who careth for thee and for me. C. E. P.

NEVER PUT OFF.

When'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once, and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By and by
Is just as well to do it:"
But present strength is surest strength;
Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

For The Child's Paper.

THE STOLEN MONEY.

About a year ago, a heavy robbery was committed on the night train between New York and Boston. A safe containing fifty thousand dollars, belonging to Adams & Company's express, was pitched out of the baggage-car in a by-place on the route, and found the next day rifled of its contents. *Who* did it? The conductor? No. He was a tried man. The baggage-master? No. He was a tried man. Engineers, firemen, brakemen? No; that was impossible. Everybody on the train was above suspicion. *Who* then? *Who*? There was a "who" somewhere, and five thousand dollars reward was offered to bring him to light. Weeks and months passed away, and no robber or robbers were discovered. Was the plan so skilfully laid as to be beyond detection? Were they enjoying the fruits of their ill-gotten gains with none to molest or make them afraid?

In every large city there is a body of men called "detectives," whose business is to ferret out criminals. Put a detective officer on the track of a crime, and he will trace the prints of guilt where we should least expect to see them, and track the guilty man from haunt to haunt, from city to city, and sometimes even to the other side of the globe.

The railroad company gave the facts of the robbery to a detective officer. The officer conned them over and over, and at last fixed on the baggage-master as likely to have had a hand in it; but he kept his thoughts to himself, and detailed five of his men to go on his track and watch him. Two were sent to Boston, where he lived, two to New York, and one on his train. The instant the baggage-master stepped off the cars at Boston, the two detectives had him in their eye, kept him in their eye, following him everywhere, except into his own house, until he left in the train for New York. The detective on the train then took him, and when he reached New York, two met him there, following him to all his haunts, finding out all his associates, and knowing all he did. This part of the business is called "shadowing," and the officers are called "shadows." No honest man has any thing to fear from such inspection. You may look him through, and he's all right. But a guilty man, under such circumstances, might well be afraid of his "shadow." The baggage-master once or twice suspected eyes were upon him. A guilty conscience put it into his head. But he did not know until, in the course of several months—for it takes time and patience—the detectives unravelled the plot, pointed the baggage-master out to the law as the robber, and told who his accomplices were. He was arrested, found guilty, and sentenced to the state's prison, ruined in character, ruined in prospects, bringing grief and shame to his family and friends.

Ah, how did all this ruin begin? It began in coveting that gold—wishing for other people's money; and it ended in the state's prison.

The Bible says, "Covetousness is idolatry," and idolatry is serving some other god than the Lord. Covetous persons put money in the place of God. They think of it more than they think of God, they love it more than they love God, and trust it more than they trust God. So that coveting directly breaks the first commandment, which says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," as well as the tenth. The tenth, you remember, says, "Thou shalt not covet." It leads also to breaking the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal;" and the ninth, "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" for stealing almost invariably leads to lying.

You see that coveting is a sin which has a great many branches to it, and they are covered with rank, bitter fruit. Indeed, a great deal of the crime and misery of the world may be traced to it. You see also why the apostles rank it among the most deadly sins. "Let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints," wrote St. Paul in one of his letters or epistles. A covetous spirit as much keeps one out of heaven as a wicked life. "No covetous man hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." Eph. 5:5.

CRACKING A COMMANDMENT.

A little girl once went with her mother into a shop. As she stood there she saw a basket of oranges for sale. They looked ripe and juicy. While her mother was engaged in another part of the store, she kept looking at the oranges. They made her mouth water. The thought came into her mind, "Oh, I wish I had one of them." This was the beginning of the temptation. She ought to have resisted this, and turned away from them; but she didn't; she kept looking at them. The longer she looked, the more she wanted one. At last, watching her opportunity when no one saw her, she grabbed an orange, put it in her pocket, and walked away. In a moment her conscience began to trouble her; she felt very uncomfortable indeed. Presently she sidled up to the basket, and put the orange back again. Still she kept

looking at it. She was tempted again to take it, and again she put it back.

As she walked home with her mother, she looked and felt very sad. When they were alone, she burst into tears, and said, "Oh, mother, I have cracked one of the commandments. I didn't break it; I didn't quite break it, mother, but I'm sure I cracked it."

This little girl did right in putting the orange back. This kept her from quite breaking the commandment; but if she had resisted the beginning of the temptation, by turning away from the orange the moment she felt a desire for it, she would not have even cracked the commandment. We must resist little temptations, the very beginnings of evil. We must also pray to God to keep us from temptation. This is what Jesus has taught us to do every day, when in the Lord's prayer we say, "Lead us not into temptation."

King's Highway.

SOME time ago, talking with an intelligent soldier who had passed many years in India, and had seen some terrible applications of the "cat-o'-nine-tails," we asked "how many of the cases of flogging had any thing to do with drink." "Every case," replied the soldier. "I never knew a soldier flogged, except through drink in some way or other, or for stealing so as to get drink. Many a time have I had to help roll barrels of grog up the hill to one of the canteens in India, and it was a common joke to say, 'Bill, I wonder how many court-martials there are inside here.'"

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WHEN angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry, one hundred.

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